

The contention of the two famous Houses,

With downe right payment lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.

Yorke. My ashes like the *Phoenix* may bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I cast mine eyes to heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why stay you Lords? what multitudes and feare?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer,
So Doves do pecke the Rauens piercing tallents,
So desperate theeues, all hopelesse of their liues,
Breathe out inuectiues 'gainst the Officers.

Yorke. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde ore-runne my former time,
And byte thy tongue that slanderst him with cowardise,
Whose very looke hath made thee quake ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes
I would prolong the traitors life a while.

Wrath makes him deafe, speake thou *Northumberland.*

Nor. Hold Clifford, do not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heart,
What valour where it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote away?
Tis warres prize to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.

Fight and take him.

Clif. I, I, so striues the Woodcok with the gin.

North. So doth the Cunny struggle with the net.

Yorke. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquer'd booty,
So true men yeeld, by robbers ouer-matcht.

North. What will your grace haue done with him?

Queene. Braue warriours, Clifford and *Northumberland,*
Come make him stand vpon this mole-hill heere,
That aime at Mountaines with out-stretched arme,

Yorke and Lancaster.

And parted but the shadow with his hand.
Was it you that reueld in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*?
Or wher's that valiant crookt-backt prodegy?
Dicke your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?

Or mongst the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*, I dipt this napkin in the blood,
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to dry thy cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*: but that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state.

I prethee grieue to make me merry, *Yorke*:
Stampe, raue and fret, that I may sing and dance.
VWhat, hath thy fiery heart so parch thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?
Thou wouldst be feede I see, to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.
A crowne for *Yorke*, and Lords bow low to him.
So, hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on,
I, now lookes he like a King.

This is he that tooke King *Henries* chaire,
And this is he was his adopted heyre.
But how is it that great Plantagenet,
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holy oath,
As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
Till our Henry had shooke hands with death,
and will you impale your head with *Henries* glory,
and rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
and whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.